## ECHOES OF A MORAL

The Rev. Talmage Finds Impressive Thoughts

ON FORCE OF GOOD EXAMPLE

Eternity to Echo the Doings of Time .- The Difference in Families in the Power of Example.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 17 .- Dr. Talmage gave a we illustration in his sermon this mornng of his mastery of the art of drawing piritual lessues from common natural nomena. His subject was "Echoes," and his text, Eschiel vii, 7, "The sounding

At last I have found it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphoreacence of the tumbling sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo. Excited of the text heard

again and again. it again and again.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard be sound of cataracts and of tempests in restle with oak and cedar, and the volces of the wild beasts, but a man of so poetle a ound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, ad so he gives us in our text "The sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Stand-ing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full ungs just to hear what Exchiel calls "The eding again of the mountains.

The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spuken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the chapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo.

Near Coblentz-that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1725, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one suap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarsey and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carisbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and

blown an Alpine horn.

But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladpreach this sermon

FARREACHING MORAL EXAMPLES. First-Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have go Iren and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank.

The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse untess some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this

heroditary tendency to queerness I pro-test." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks mong that kindred. in another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right. What they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the taughters worldly, but watch! Years pass

ou, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the faher and mother used to be consistent You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the shurch you see the sexton and you ask "Where is old Mr. Webster?

he has been dead many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Ob, she died fifteen years ago!" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs!" "Oh. no," says the sexton, 'he is up there in the elders' seut. He is me of our best and most important mem-bers. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer, he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter. dary! I suppose she is the same thought mys the sexton, "she is the president of our donary society and the directress in the han asytum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of er dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things!" And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can souch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hard-sped man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'hiere is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of Got.' and if nobody seems ready to pray, she tneels down in the aisle beside him and aga, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power nd a triumph that seem instantly to mannipate the hardened staner. Oh, not on must not call her a thoughtless butlerfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it. The fact is that the smand laughter of that family did not prouds such at the start, but they are now an che, a glorious Eche, a prolonged Echo f parental teaching and example.

A Vermous mather, as her buy was about start for a life on the sea, said: "Edeard, I have never som the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong rink. Promise me you will never touch." Many years after that, telling of this a meeting. Edward said: "I gave that

from the world, and at Calcutte, the ports of the world, and at Calcutte, the ports of the Mediterranean San Francisco, Cape of Good Rope and north and south poles, and owner new a glass of liquier in all those rears that my mother's form did not ap-pear before me, and I do not know how because of the premise I made to my

is was the ramil of that conversation the water of the Vermont furnitouse.

The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers. and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only sizew, yet among it were

But here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible me botter than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the other and younger people of the household step for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me any-hood, and you say, "Can you tell me any-thing about the Petersons who used to live here?" "You" says the old inhabitant, "I remember tham very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children! What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies "Twey turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he

dled of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. "One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming bim, and you know how that always ends-in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteri-ously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck."
My hearers, that is just what might have
been expected. All this is only the Echo. the dismai Echo, the awful Echo, the dresdful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks beaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "The sounding of

the mountains. Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportouch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others dy in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

THE DAY OF ALL DAYS. So also the Judgment Day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not ap-pointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices; its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and ye visited me."

All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the Judgment Thrope and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and Re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words attered and the mighty benefactions

On that day all the charities, all the selfsacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the applogy warrants my saying this. The ecno is not always exactly in like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an ectave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax county, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in raised pitch.

A trumpet sounded ten times near Glas-gow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier ecoqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clarks or employees, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: Well, I don't believe in the Bible or The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious peo-pis further than I could see him." That is all be says, but he has said enough. The roung men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves. Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and

robubly right." That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall some oack to him to five rained lifetimes and five destroyed eteruities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any cus-tomers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do, and man. Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many upe and downs in bust ness, but there is an overruling Provi

"Tears ago I made up my mind to trust field and he has always seen me through. I remember when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is there were two old folks out on I know. The fact is there were two old folks out on the old farm propton for me and I knew it, and somelow I could not do as some of the clarks did or go where some of the clarks went. I tell you, boys it is bost al-ways to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old fashtoned re-ligion of Jesus Christ. Jahn, where did to church last Sunday? Henry, kor

is the Young Men's Christian association About noon the rain ceases and the sun

About moon the rain ceases and the san comes out and the cherks go to their places, and they say within themselves. "Well, he is a successful merchant and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing. not know how much good he was doing, but the Echo will come back in five life-times of virtue and usefulness and five Christian deathbods and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ere-

of the mountains."
TIME'S DOINGS ECHOED IN ETERNITY. Yes, I take a stop further in this subject and my that our own eternity will be a reverteration of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear dawn the body and ambank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the tron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eter-Eternity is only an enlarged time.

In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock, it does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. Oh, God! by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now that we may be right

right here and now that we may be right forever!

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Eche is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Eche." My answer is, "God can and he only." If it is a cheerful Eche we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Eche we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in this world to do is to stop an Eche. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator coufounded by an Eche. Costly churches, cathedrals, thea-Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, thes-ters and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the Echo, and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public

buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet. Aristotic and Pythngorus and Isaac New-ton and La Piace and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacie was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice would be jangled into Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this, Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one leng in the universe who thoroughly un-derstands it—"The sounding again of the

And if it is so hard to destroy a naturel Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position or buildings? And once in heaven God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered carnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes—all the hillsides, and the caverns and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with supernatural faculties able to endure them we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes-harns and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannahs and hallelujahs, cast side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the elecuities joining in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for reverbarations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire standing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godiessness and libertinism and debanchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, despairing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many manaions whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

and triumphant Echo.

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppresso of the earth do with the Echoes? who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the grouns, the shriels, the cannonades, the bursting shells the crackle of burning cities and the crash of a nation's homes— Hobenfinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopyle, Bun-ker Hill and Lexington, South Mountain and Gertysburg. Sennacherib listen! Se-miramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Arta-xerexes listen! Darius listen! Julius Crear listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will come back the bilesful Echoss.

Composers of Gospel Hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Bruttle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Corona-tion, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Brailbury and Horatine Bonar and Frances Havergal listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations esom to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet. Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all its aighs and groans and acrifices and they shall come back in an echo in which shall mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo of through Echo of palaces! Echo of tampies! Omnipotent enhall Everlasting echo! Amen! But you know as well as I do that there

Women as Hanagers of Business. I have always remembered how admira-bly a Boston merchant of the last genera-tion discoursed in public on the property of explaining business affairs to womer.

to one of his daughters, she said, "I only wish he had applied it in his own family." A rich beiress, the daughter of an eminent

A rich heiress, the daughter of an eminent financier, told me that she was herself absolutely ignorant of all money matters after her father's death her brothers had managed her affairs: then "of course" her husband; but she herself knew absolutely nothing. It reminded me of another heiress I had known, who was twice married. The first hosband lost two-thirds of her The first hasband lost two-thirds of her property, the second made away with the rest of it am ahe supported herself and her child for the rest of her life—there being nothing left to tempt a third fortune hunter—by giving public readings.

One of the minor achievements of an empty of the minor achievements of an empty.

inent financier under arrest in New York is stated to be that of sweeping in among his vast leases the whole property (\$14,000) of two ladies, who had assigned to him cer-tain stocks or certificates to be transferred for their benefit. Perhaps it would be un-just to call him a swindler, in this case, or to call those other men fortune hunters; they may have expected better results; but certainly the absolute fgnorunce, absolute folly of many confiding woman present a combined temptation which somethings demoralizes the very elect .- T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bezar.

Heavy as is the sale of licerice in almost every part of the globe, very little of the root from which it is obtained is grown on any system. Visitors to the Holy Land have all seen the licorice plant growing wild, generally near a lake or river, but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which I have seen it grown under any management at all. A good deal of money is, however, made by digging it up, and travelers frequently secure some of the root from curiosity. It is very juley and soft and takes a long time to dry. When dried it is shipped to various ports and quite a quantity is used and prepared. The black licorice sticks so much sought than by children and also used medic-I cannot call to mind a single instance in

after by children and also used medic-inally are prepared by mixing a little starch to stiffen them, or a little gelatine, when a pliable substance is desired. Ab when a pliable substance is desired. Ab-solutely pure licorice, without starch or gelatine, is very hard to handle, as it will run at a very low temperature, and even when wrapped in bay leaves, as is the in-variable custom, is will not stand a long journey.-Interview in St. Louis Globe

Scals of Kings.

The ancient Greeks were engraved gems in rings of silver, gold and bronze as early as 600 B. C. By the Romans they were adopted as seals, though at first their use as such was restricted to the emperors, who assumed the right of giving like permission to others. The popes followed this custom in adopting "The Fisherman's Ring"—an intaglio of a fish cut in carne-lian—as a symbol of authority transmitted from one pope to another. Embassadors oms wore gold seal rings as a part of their official regalia, just as bishops of the Roman and the Anglican church do

Subsequently senators, chief magistrates and military officials acquired the right, which was in time extended to the army and citizens. Readers of eastern tales will remember what power the seal of Solo-mon had to inclose an evil spirit in a bot-tle or to accomplish other marvels. A seal ring transmitted from one monarch to another has commonly been respected in the past as an emblem of authority.—Jew-elers' Weekly.

The Checky Book Agent.

An East end lady had an interesting ex-perience with a woman who goes from house to house selling books; in other words a book agent. The peddler had in-sinuated herself into the parior, and in spite of all, yet in a ladylike way, had told of the virtues of the goods she had for sale. But the mistress of the house was not in a buying mood. Finally the agent gave it The breath was a short one, however.

The peddler, changing her tone of voice to a less professional pitch, asked, "Would you have any objection to my eating my lunch here before I go out?" Without awaiting a reply she pulled a small paper wrapped package from some mysterious pocket, and the East end lady had nothing to do but accept the situation and allow her parlor to be used for a lunchroom. The book agent's lot may not be a happy one, but he or she usually manages to get along not uncomfortably.—Pittsburg Post,

The Impertment Amateur Photographe Professor Henry W. Farnam, of Yale, speaking of photography, says: "No two men look exactly alike. To a certain extent each man has a copyright on his face. Therefore, a man who copies my face against my will is nothing more nor less than a pirate and deserves a penalty in consequence."—New Haven Palladium.

The Old Man. Will-You say you lost your sweetheart on account of dyspepsia? Bill-Yes.

Will-Which of you had it? Bill-Neither. It was the old man. And he was suffering terribly the day I asked him for his daughter.-New York Epoch.

Do not fill the room with smoke from the griddle, but "grease" it by rubbing with half of a turnip. Allewed to Vote.

Election Inspector (severely) -Sir, have you ever read the constitution of the United States? Naturalized Citizen-No. Have you? Election Inspector-N-c.-New York

Her Opportunity. The when we're sick or sore distressed,
When pain or merow racks and tenses
That gentle women seems her best;
Attentions fast on us are pressed,
We're cuddled, conceted and careased—
But, holy Messal. How she bessee us!
—Indianapolis Jearn

"Dennis," cried Pat, "will yes ever

pay me the two guineas ye owe me."
"Sure I will," answered Dennis readily. "I'll pay ye, nover fear. The only two guineas, boy, and I'll pay ye in some shape or other."

"Faith, Dennis," replied the quick witted Pat, "ye'd better make it as near the shape of two guiness as ye can."-Harper's Young People.





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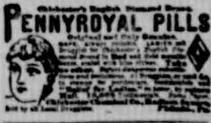
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